THE NATION

DECEMBER 19, 1959 . . 25c

ROCKEFELLER'S STRATEGY

William G. Andrews

CHRISTMAS AD ABSURDUM

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

FLY AND BE LATE

Karl M. Ruppenthal

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LETTERS

Naval View of Gettysburg

Dear Sirs: Much has been written about the Battle of Gettysburg ["The Sense of a Decision," by W. S. Merwin, Nov. 21 issue] but one vital phase of the situation has been consistently ignored by practically all historians.

The Confederacy planned the military advance to Gettysburg in anticipation of intervention by the combined naval forces of Great Britain and Napoleon III. At the time of the battle, powerful naval forces of both countries were anchored near the Port of New York. The British Cabinet was to meet and decide in favor of active intervention, and Napoleon III was committed to join.

Charles Francis Adams, American Minister to London, was convinced that the Union would be disrupted in the event that Great Britain and Napoleon III intervened in favor of the Confederacy.

Then a miracle happened. A strong Russian naval fleet appeared in New York Harbor and simultaneously another Russian fleet reached San Francisco. The Russian commanders declared that Russia would back Lincoln. Plans for intervention were abandoned, and Lee was defeated at Gettysburg.

Russia at this period was in desperate financial straits, and the cost of sending these two naval fleets to aid the United States called for heroic measures. To help Russia meet this cost, the United States agreed to buy Alaska. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a poem commemorating this act of friendship. The United States then sent a naval force known as the Fox Mission to St. Petersburg, to express the gratitude of a nation.

JOSEPH O'BRIEN

New York City

No Revere He

Dear Sirs: I was amazed by the article, "Sorcery and Flying Saucers," in the November 7 edition. The amazement was occasioned by the absolute lack of veracity in comments by David Cort relative to me, Long John Nebel.

Let me state for the record that I have no "suspicions" that flying saucers exist; I deny their existence. I have been defamed, I feel, by Mr. Cort's absolutely unfounded statements.

As for being the "Paul Revere" for the Space People, this is a wild, unfounded slur that I would not expect to find in a magazine with such a fine reputation.

I sincerely hope that this letter will be published in your next edition, and that it will be accompanied by an apology from Mr. Cort.

LONG JOHN NEBEL

New York City

Dear Sirs: Whatever his private thoughts may be, Mr. Nebel is probably the best-known publicist for flying saucers in the East. For a man who makes his living out of this hoo-rah, and doubtless will so continue, the tone of his letter is curiously virginal. That is to take it at face value, as meaning exactly what it says. And since when has "Paul Revere" been an insult?

DAVID CORT

New York City

Subtle Killers

Dear Sirs: Underlining the word "real" in Robert L. Rudd's article, "Pesticides, the *Real* Peril," in the November 28 issue of *The Nation,* is certainly proper. Congratulations on this extremely important and competent discussion of vital concern to all Americans, whether they realize it or not. There is no doubt that the American public is being entrusted with, and exposed to, more and more lethal poisons which, breathed or ingested, promise to be increasingly insidious and subtle killers.

RICHARD W. WESTWOOD

President, American Nature Association

Washington, D.C.

Clear as NBC

Dear Sirs: As to Television and Virtue: Man's love for truth is uncertain. This is as clear as NBC.

ELI SIEGEL

New York City

Student Peace Union

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest the article in your November 28 issue by Allan Brick on "Campus Rebels Find a Cause." Of particular interest to me was the coverage given to the Student Peace Union, since I have recently been elected chairman of that organization. I was one of the students who were almost arrested by the police at Northwestern University for speaking on a soapbox on the issue of peace and the continuation of the arms race.

Despite difficulties, we have succeeded in starting a group at Northwestern and have expanded our activities to more than twenty-five campuses in the Midwest. In traveling about the Midwest, we find an intense interest in the problem of peace in contrast to the apathy of two years ago. Last year there was an Anti-Military ball at the University of Wisconsin. This year there will also be one at the University of Illinois.

I would like to invite anyone, par-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1959
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Theme is Peace

Why does the Democratic Party — the party of Bryan, Wilson and Roosevelt — fear the issue of peace in next year's election? That it is now the paramount fear of the party's leaders cannot be doubted. "A great sea change," reports Joseph Alsop, "has transformed the situation in the Democratic Party in the last four months." The change stems, of course, from the rising tide of Republican voter-support on the issue of peace, which to Mr. Alsop is "as phony as a three-dollar bill." But it is not merely in partisan terms that the Democrats fear the issue; it is also worrisome because it sharply divides the party. The foreign-policy sections of the twenty-two-point program unveiled at the recent meeting in New York of the Democratic Advisory Council represents, in essence, a compromise between the Acheson-Truman-Symington and the Stevenson-Humphrey-Bowles points of view. To Messrs. Acheson, Truman and Symington, as to Alsop, the issue of peace is as phony as a three-dollar bill; quotation marks must be used whenever peace is mentioned. But in the heat and noise of a Presidential campaign it is quite impossible to be for peace but against "peace." Voters will not see, and they surely will not hear, the quotation marks. If peace is the key issue, as the polls indicate, then the Democratic position is untenable. Either the Democrats must directly challenge the Republican position, revealing themselves as committed to a continuation, indeed an intensification, of cold-war policies; or they must demonstrate that the GOP only *appears* to be for peace, in which case they must present a peace program. The proposal for a National Peace Agency, included in the twenty-two-point council statement, is not a program; it is a gimmick designed merely to ward off the charge that the Democrats are the "war party."

Apart from internal divisions and differences, the prime weakness of the Democratic Party at the moment is to be found in the fact that its leaders do not seem to understand what it is that an opposition party must do to win. On the eve of the recent general election in Great Britain, Enoch Powell, a Conservative M.P., pointed to the basic weakness in the Labor Party's position. An opposition, he said, "must have a categorical imperative: 'do this, and this alone, if you would be saved.' There must be a great, simple, central theme, branching out into all the fields and subjects of debate, but in itself easily grasped, which runs through the words and actions of a successful opposition." Such a theme the Labor Party did not have; such a theme the Democratic Party has yet to formulate. But it is at hand, obvious to all, and the Democrats could, if they would, exploit it to a far better advantage than the Republicans. The theme, of course, is peace.

The News Story that Vanished

On December 4, United Press International and other news services disclosed that twenty-seven high military officers had enjoyed the hospitality of the Martin Company of Baltimore, manufacturer of the Titan missile and holder of $800 million in defense contracts. Nine generals and nine admirals, including Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, were involved. It was not a matter of Martin picking up a luncheon tab, or sending the bestarred officers (there were also a few colonels and naval captains) tickets to an engineering convention. This was big time, befitting a big corporation. For three fun-in-the-sun outings at the swank Cotton Club on Eleutheria Island in the Bahamas, the Martin Company spent $18,000, which it deducted as a "necessary" business expense from its 1957, 1958 and 1959 income taxes. The dour Internal Revenue Service disallowed the 1957 and 1958 deductions; the 1959 return has not yet been audited.

All this was uncovered by Representative F. Edward Hebert's House Armed Services Subcommittee and given prominent space by the metropolitan newspapers on December 5. George M. Bunker, Martin's board chairman, was indignant. He couldn't believe "anybody is going to think that men of [the] character and responsibilities" of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and other high brass "could be improperly influenced by playing golf with me on Eleutheria." All he was trying to do was promote the kind of "intimate

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relationship" needed among government and industrial leaders working in a joint effort to keep America strong and Martin profitable. General Twining was particularly zealous: he spent eleven days in all at the Martin Valhalla and brought members of his family, whom he flew there in his Air Force C-118, the military version of the DC-6B. His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.

Mr. Hebert didn't think the American public was that pure-minded. Ninety per cent of them, he estimated, would immediately conclude the generals and admirals were being influenced. If so, the public forgot about it speedily. Having published once, the newspapers felt they had done their duty, and the matter was buried in decent oblivion. Payola, the frailties of the disk-jockey fraternity, goes on and on. The opinion-molders put first things first, and there is the proof of it.

The Parties Responsible

Secretary of Labor James Mitchell's proposal, which apparently had the full support of President Eisenhower, that the steel dispute should be submitted to a third party for settlement was promptly accepted by the union and as promptly rejected by the steel companies. It is now clear that steel management will reject any proposals not based on their own "last offer," which is to say that the prospects for a settlement during the remaining period of the injunction are virtually nil. Therefore, should the Steelworkers reject this "last offer" in the election to be held next month, responsibility for the resumption of the strike will rest squarely on management.

In the meantime, further appeals for settlement, either by the Administration or the public, should be addressed directly to the steel companies.

Where Is Everybody?

Part IX of *The Nation's* special issue, "The Shame of New York" (October 31), dealing with rackets and pay-offs, begins with the statement that the largest single industry in New York City is run by the underworld. Not by way of extenuation, but simply as a fact, it may be said that the New York *Daily News*, in a series of articles on gambling which preceded "The Shame of New York," made the same allegation. Studies by law-enforcement agencies show that from $1 billion to $4 billion is bet annually in New York City with bookies and policy-number operators.

We have now made some further research, however, and have come up with a 1951 federal law which requires the purchase of a $50 tax stamp by any person who works, even part-time, as a gambler; for each gambling device, a $250 stamp must be purchased. The law subjects gamblers to a 10 per cent federal excise tax and prescribes severe penalties for violations. Now the Internal Revenue Service, at the instigation of inquiring newsmen, reports that in all the five boroughs of New York only two (2) persons are listed as purchasers of the $50 stamp, and none of the $250 stamp. The two federally licensed gamblers both ply their trade in the Bronx, a borough which has many other distinctions, such as being nearest to Albany and containing within its boundaries the second highest elevation in the city — 284 feet, 6 inches. The two celebrities are, according to the Internal Revenue Service, Mr. Gerard Brescia, alias Charlie Jerry, of 670 Garden Street, and Mr. Ernest Walpert, of 2455 Cruger Avenue.

It is wonderful to know that there is not a single professional gambler in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island, and that reports of horse-parlors, numbers-playing and police graft all over town are the products of diseased imagination and editorial gullibility. And, of course, our congratulations to the two gentlemen from the Bronx, who between them must be responsible for all of the $1 billion to $4 billion that are bet in New York City every year.

"The Shame of New York" also reported that in New York there are more rats than people — an "estimated nine million of them," wrote Fred Cook and Gene Gleason, the authors. The New York *World-Telegram* captions a recent story (December 9), "City Declares War on 8 Million Rats." In a word, either a million rats have vanished since our special issue appeared, or the *World-Telegram*'s census is wrong. For our part, we stand by the Cook-Gleason census, which we remain convinced was accurate to plus or minus 1 per cent (90,000 rats). At all events we are happy to note that the Health Department, with a new burst of energy, has now thrown 1,000 men into "the biggest rat hunt in recent decades," and in "this gigantic effort to conquer the dreaded rodents which infest our spreading slums," hundreds of Harlem landlords have been hailed into court, thousands of other building owners have been nabbed, every single house and apartment in which rats have swished their tails has been pinpointed, and the machinery is in motion to exterminate every single rat.

With the gamblers gone, and the rats going, New Yorkers will be unable to recognize their city, and the muckrakers will find their occupation gone.

Bonn's New *Lebensraum*

Not so long ago any American who was decorated by the Germans would have been tried as a traitor; the British hanged Lord Haw-Haw for scarcely more. Things are different now. On December 7, in Bonn, George Meany, president of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, made public a long statement on the German question after being invested by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer with

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the Grand Cross, Second Class, of the Order of Merit. Accompanying Mr. Meany was Jay Lovestone, who heads the AFL-CIO European and Eastern Department. Mr. Lovestone was also honored with the Order of Merit, but lacking the sash and star that went with the Meany version. For Mr. Lovestone, it must have been an exciting moment. He is the ex-general secretary of the Communist Party who was expelled, at Stalin's instigation, in 1929.

More important Americans than the Messrs. Meany and Lovestone have gone and will go to Bonn, for West Germany is becoming a power to be reckoned with in the world. She is spending $1 billion a year for arms and military equipment. Her Defense Minister, Franz Joseph Strauss, no longer gratefully receives American handouts; these days he gives the orders, and he will have still more to say as the years roll by. He will deal in the world armaments markets "like a horse trader," he announces. At the same time, arms-procurement appropriations will be used to shore up the West German economy, where needed. "Our economy does not depend on armament contracts," Herr Strauss observes, somewhat ungratefully, "but we have on the other hand the possibility of offsetting difficulties in many areas."

Herr Strauss's coming coup, however, is in missiles. He is pressing for the organization of a rocket and missile agency for NATO, with "rationalization," dear to the German heart, and a pooling of brains, money and resources "to promote the utmost efficiency in taking NATO into space." To insure that Germany will get its share of this business, and the international prestige which goes with it, Herr Strauss is talking of getting "the great rocket genius of the age" to head the program. Indeed, Dr. Wernher von Braun recently conferred at length with Dr. Strauss in Bonn, and if Dr. von Braun is not satisfied with his job at Redstone Arsenal, now taken over by the National Aeronautic and Space Agency, he knows where he can go. Undoubtedly he can take with him a great many German rocket scientists (many of whom are now American citizens) and, once they have the nuclear warheads, too, the Germans will be far, far ahead of where they were in 1914, 1918, 1939 and 1945. It just shows that you can't keep a good nation down.

Smoke and Smog

The government's solicitude for the health of the nation is alert but selective. The Secretary of Health, Welfare and Education swooped fast to save our seasonal feasters from the cancer hazards of polluted cranberries, but the exhaust systems of internal combustion engines in countless millions continue to pour their hydrocarbons out into the air.

Word came last week from Detroit that engineers have perfected a device which will eliminate at least the fumes emitted by the crankcases of the nation's cars — a significant percentage of the smog gasses is found to come from this source. The device will be fitted in 1961 to cars sold in California, where smog is a public scandal. But the industry has not yet decided whether or not to offer this life-saving attachment as "extra equipment" — like whitewall tires — and no one is rushing to make it available nationally. The cranberry pesticide was a small-business threat to health; but the fumes from our cars, like the smoke from our cigarettes, are by-products of business so large that they can scarcely be distinguished from acts of God.

Why, If It Isn't Doctor Schacht!

According to Holmes Alexander, writing in the Los Angeles *Times* of November 17, things are in a bad way in Japan, not necessarily from a Japanese standpoint, but as patriotic Americans see it. It seems that the only way we can defend Hawaii and Alaska is by a forward area in the shape of an arc running from the Kuriles and including Japan, Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines and the small anti-Red nations of Southeast Asia, such as Laos and South Vietnam. But this costs money, and "our finances are hurting." The solution is the same in Asia as in Europe — the remilitarization of our former enemies. This is pleasant in another way: instead of a lot of nonsense about democracy, it provides "the only quick antidote to Communist aggression — a strong, right-wing, militaristic government." (And that's what we have: see "Remilitarization of Japan," page 466.)

In Japan, to be sure, there is a difficulty. Without nuclear weapons, a militaristic government is only a paper tiger, and the Japanese, having been on the receiving end, have a morbid attitude toward these modern appurtenances of the craft. But U.S. diplomacy and the *zaibatsu* are curing all that. The "personality of the Japanese nation" will crave "the signet of upper-crust nationalism" — atomic and, ultimately, hydrogen bombs. And who is on the scene already advising the Kishi government on the financial requisites? No other than *Herr Doktor* Hjalmar Schacht, who ran Hitler's economy for him and escaped hanging at Nuremberg. It seems that Dr. Schacht is also advising President Garcia of the Philippines. The other day he raised a storm in Manila by deploring the "lack of boldness and vision" of Philippine economic planners. He recalled that from 1933 to 1937, Hjalmar Schacht, the great financial wizard, printed twelve billion Reichsmarks and, with the aid of an armament boom, put the German economy back on its feet. Schacht is an all-out inflationist still. Some of the Philippine economists demurred. Perhaps they remembered that Hitler's success was only temporary. But it is good to know that Hjalmar is back at the old stand, though in a new place.

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FLY AND BE LATE . . *by Karl M. Ruppenthal*

FLIGHT 96 lands at Chicago's Midway Airport, forty-seven passengers fidgeting in their seats. The time table provides thirty minutes for making a connecting plane, but No. 96 is already twenty-five minutes late. The plane pulls off the active runway and waits instead of rolling on to the ramp. The pilot, picking up his microphone, explains to his passengers that the ramp is occupied by another plane. The minutes crawl by, and finally No. 96 taxis to its unloading spot and the passengers debark — fifteen minutes after the scheduled connecting flight had departed.

Planning an air trip soon? It is likely that something like this will happen to you. Figures published recently show that on one line, you have no more than a 50-50 chance of being on time; on other lines, performance is somewhat better, but you could still get even money from a Las Vegas gambler that you'll be at least a minute late. And, according to statistics, there's a 10 per cent chance that you'll be at least a half-hour late.

Flights are late for many reasons. The problem of expediting traffic when visibility is poor has not been completely solved. Many airports are poorly planned, despite the millions spent on them. Occasionally flights develop mechanical troubles. The Civil Aeronautics Board considers delays of this character to be beyond airline control. But while some delays are all but unavoidable, others can almost be termed intentional. The fact is that some airlines advertise schedules which they know cannot be met. The passenger is late the minute he sets foot on the plane.

WHEN the wings of the airlines began to spread some twenty years ago, the DC-3 was the standard plane. When two lines competed over a route, the scheduled time en route was usually the same. The schedules were fairly realistic, based on the performance that could reasonably be expected from the plane. Of course, many flights were late. But the industry was new, and most passengers realized that bad weather, or an engine that sounded rough on run-up, might mean a delay. The businessman who could not afford the risk of lateness took the 20th Century or the Commodore Vanderbilt.

Four-engine planes made possible the first non-stop flights from Chicago to the West Coast. Now, to the visionaries of the industry, one overland frontier remained: scheduled non-stop flights from New York to Los Angeles. Competing for this market — one of the most lucrative in the nation — were three vigorous trunk-line competitors plus a host of "non-skeds." Each knew that the first to provide non-stop service might gain a competitive advantage worth millions.

While the Super Constellations and the DC-7s were normally capable of making this flight non-stop, they could not do so under eight hours. *And eight hours was the maximum time a single flight crew could legally be scheduled for continuous flight.*

Precisely what happened next is not public knowledge. Possibly a clever lawyer for one of the airlines reasoned that while the Civil Air Regulations stipulated that no flight crew could be *scheduled* for more than eight hours' continuous flight, there was nothing in them which required that the schedule have any relation to reality. At any rate, one line inaugurated non-stop coast-to-coast flights, scheduling them for a neat 7 hours, 59 minutes. Occasionally, with the help of conspiring winds, a flight arrived on schedule. But usually the planes performed as the engineers said they would, and most flights were late. Many west-bound flights took more than ten hours.

While the advertised schedules were impossible to keep, they proved a commercial bonanza. The airline's switchboard was flooded with reservations, and its quarterly financial statement perked up. But the advantage was short-lived. The two major competing lines, having no intention of being left at the post, soon began their own non-stop flights on the same magic 7:59 schedules.

Of course, the industry never admitted publicly that these schedules had no reasonable possibility of being met. To do so would have been tantamount to admitting willful violation of the Civil Air Regulations. But the Civil Aeronautics Board's Office of Compliance, watching the persistent disparity between publicly scheduled time and actual time, began to build up a case, and finally the major offending line was ordered to show cause why it should not cease violating the regulations. The airline, while not admitting any violation, responded by asking that the regulations be waived.

This precipitated a months' long battle over the eight-hour proviso. The Air Line Pilots Association feared that a waiver in this case would provide a precedent enabling the airlines to ignore the Civil Air Regulations entirely. Eventually, a compromise was reached, the board waiving the regulations on non-stop coast-to-coast flights only, provided certain other conditions were met.

SETTLEMENT of the eight-hour dispute brought an end to several trends in aviation practices which might have compromised safety. Coast-to-coast schedules were increased by about two hours to reflect the real capabilities of the planes. But unfortunately other airlines, operating on other routes, drew the wrong lessons from the dispute; they remembered not the dispute, but the clang of cash registers which had accompanied the promulgation of the original fast (and phony) schedules. So one line advertised a new, "fastest" schedule between New York and a certain Southern city. But its competitor, which had also learned a lesson from the coast-to-coast episode — i.e., never be caught with your advertised speed down — quickly promised an even faster ride.

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL, an airline pilot since 1942, is a lecturer in Transportation and Management at the Graduate School of Business at Stanford.

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The first line retaliated, and the paper war was on. Before long, not a single scheduled flight on this route ever arrived on time except with the help of freak tail winds of more than 100 miles per hour.

Unrealistic flight schedules do more than cheat the passenger; they may also endanger him. Pilots may be encouraged to cut corners to keep up with the schedule. When schedule patterns for planes are based on published, unrealistic flying times, the time allotted for maintenance may be consumed in the air. In this way, preventative maintenance may be deferred until it can wait no longer, and then a flight is canceled.

Once airlines enter a race to advertise faster schedules than their competitors, it is not easy to quit the game. If Line A advertises a flight in 3 hours, Line B may offer to perform it in 2 hours, 50 minutes. Not to be outdone, Line A may advertise a schedule of 160 minutes. The battle is on. Short-run losers are the passengers, the flight crews and the airline clerks who do their best to placate irate passengers who have missed connections. But in the long run, the greatest losers are the airlines who indulge in the practice — the public loses faith in their integrity. Losers, too, may be the well-run lines which shun such practices, for the public may wonder why the industry does not police its own delinquents.

WHEN the practice became so prevalent on certain lines that working conditions and safety were threatened, the Air Line Pilots Association asked the CAB to promulgate new regulations designed to guarantee that advertised schedules would be realistic. After some delay, the board acted: thereafter, it ruled, 75 per cent of all scheduled flights must be no more than fifteen minutes late — unless it could be shown that the delay was beyond control of the airline. This was a constructive step.

Lines which had never indulged in unrealistic scheduling (there were some) welcomed the measure. Other lines overhauled their published schedules to comply. But a few persisted in the practice, and the CAB continued to be deluged with complaints from passengers. As a result, the attorney for the board's Office of Compliance analyzed performance on selected flights of a half-dozen airlines. Most of the carriers showed themselves to be cooperative, offering to make any schedule changes which seemed reasonable. One line, however, whose published schedules required 400 mph performance from 250 mph equipment — an obvious impossibility — refused to cooperate, and the compliance attorney proceeded against it under Section 411 of the Civil Aeronautics Act which prohibits an airline from "engaging in unfair and deceptive practices or unfair methods of competition in air transportation or the sale thereof."

THE ACTION — in the form of a petition for enforcement before the Civil Aeronautics Board—was taken on January 19, 1959. The compliance attorney's petition showed that for July, 1956, only 6.8 per cent of the respondent airline's flights from a certain city inbound to New York arrived on time, and that not a single flight in the other direction arrived on time. For the month of April, 1957, the petition showed, only 37.5 per cent of inbound flights arrived on time, and again not a single outbound flight kept schedule. The attorney pointed out that he had selected months when flying weather was generally good.

Hearings and the usual legal delays held up the decision for six months. When it came — last June 24 — the board found that "the publication or holding out to the public of flight schedules that do not reasonably reflect actual performance thereunder, constitutes an unfair and deceptive practice and an unfair method of competition in air transportation or the sale thereof within the meaning of Section 411." But despite the finding, the board refused to take any action against the airline on the ground that at the time the petition had been presented, the deceptive schedules of July, 1956, and April, 1957, were no longer being flown. The time tables had been changed.

The compliance attorney, dismayed, asked the board to reconsider, pointing out that airlines normally operated different schedules in summer and in winter. He warned the board:

> The board's unwillingness to direct even such a mild sanction as a cease and desist order to violators of the Civil Aeronautics Act must necessarily impede its future enforcement functions.

But the board refused to reconsider. It did, however, issue a ruling which could have beneficial effects. It provides that airlines must henceforth file all statistics concerning departure and arrival times with the board, and that the statistics be available to the public. The effectiveness of the new measure will depend largely on the attitude of the industry itself. It may well be that influential members of the Air Transport Association will now recognize competitive scheduling for the evil that it is, and demand an end to it. They may come to recognize that the intentional falsification of schedules by a few airlines is enough to penalize the whole industry in the eyes of the public; that the public might begin to look upon air carriers with about as much faith as it regards itinerant peddlers, horse traders and patent-medicine men.

It would be short-sighted indeed for the industry to lose this opportunity to clean its own house. Advertising a schedule which cannot be met is like putting fourteen ounces into a can of beans and labeling the can "1 pound." Profits may flourish for a time, but what will happen to the merchant when his customers begin to weigh the can?

Next time you step into a plane, ask your pilot whether your flight is scheduled to be late.

(*Continued from inside cover.*)

ticularly students, who has an interest in the issue of peace and disarmament and is interested in knowing more about the Student Peace Union, to write to us at 5504 South Woodlawn, Chicago 37, Illinois. The S.P.U. is willing and able to help local groups get started and can supply speakers, tapes, literature, etc. in the Midwest.

PHILIP ALTBACH
General Chairman
Student Peace Union
Chicago, Ill.

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NOTES ON A SEASONAL NEUROSIS

CHRISTMAS AD ABSURDUM . . *by Jerome Beatty, Jr.*

A WONDERFUL thing happened last Christmas. The seasonal story in *The New York Times* started off, "The once a year when Christmas comes is here at last." Because of the newspaper strike, the bastard issue came off the presses a week late and a person had the tremendous satisfaction of reading it and realizing that the entire celebration was, not here at last, but *gone at last!*

Because the *Times* is the most authoritative source for an accurate

picture of the world at Christmastide, I went back another year to the most recent non-truncated December 26 issue and found a long, front-page story beginning with this paragraph:

> The joy and happiness of Christmas yesterday eased the world's preoccupation with the complexities of the times. People at home and abroad relaxed.

With all due respect to a great newspaper, let me say that this story and all the past and future ones like it, written long before the end of the day in question and off the top of the reporter's head, epitomize the vast difference between the idealized and true Christmases. The gap is surely growing wider, as the years go by.

Actually, the "complexities of the times" are much to be preferred to the complexities of Christmas. If there is any relaxing for "people" on that holiday, it is insignificant compared to that of the day after, when they are eased by the joy and happiness of not having to go through anything like it again for almost a year.

There is such a thing as "Christmas neurosis"; psychiatric note has been taken of it. Anticipation of the day to come, and the hereditary necessity for a warm family reunion point toward an ideal Christmas that can't be attained. The pressure is too great for relatives to be thrown together for a day and to get along perfectly. Last-minute shopping, the puzzle over gifts, the feeling of guilt when comparisons are made, the inescapable conclusion that Christmas costs too much—these are some of the reasons why the rush to the punch bowl seems to begin earlier and earlier each year. (Of course, it is directly proportional to the similar rush by the children to the presents, and in some families where that takes place at the crack of dawn, the punch bowl is often unwrapped by about 9 A.M.)

THE debacle in the living room is the debacle of the Christian world in microcosm. Christmas is a good thing, and everyone wants to get on the bandwagon. Television and radio offer so many church services that there is hardly any reason for leaving home to view the genuine article. In between, there is a *Christmas Sing With Bing* or *Christmas Cartoon Festival.* For carols, there are *Jingle Bells* and *White Christmas*—even on commercials. From Saks Fifth Avenue loudspeakers blaring across Manhattan, to the tape-recorded carols under the White House tree, we are never out of earshot of songs which are now typical, rather than religious, and in the public domain.

Even the Defense Department's public-relations fellows don't want to be left out in the cold. One year they issued a lengthy press report about a strange flying object which had been observed in the early hours of the morning, picked up by the DEW line, other radar installations, Navy picket ships and Army units in Alaska. The dispatch ended with the punch line: "Santa Claus is arriving on schedule." How much did this bit of nonsense cost the taxpayers? How much it added to the gradual debasement of the entire Christmas legend is something you will have to judge for yourself.

Writers and editors go hog wild when the Yule deadline approaches. Always looking for an angle, they really have to squirm to find one that hasn't been done before.* Lately the tendency has been to approach the subject along the lines of how to suffer through Christmas. One metropolitan paper declared on its woman's page: "Crises Occur on the Hour." "Will Uncle Jim be sober when he comes to call?" the story goes on. "Not that he ever has been before, but the children are older this year and they're bound to notice." A year ago a special issue of a house and home magazine ran an article with the friendly title: "How to Keep the Holidays from Becoming a Headache." I got a headache reading it. Even the religious publications are questioning matters (with less hyprocrisy, I am sure). "Is Christmas shopping a moral obligation?" asks a Catholic paper. "Shall we abandon Christmas?" is the debatable subject brought up by a Protestant editor.

The news and business magazines are worried about the Yuletide, too. For them, of course, the really jolly carols are played on the cash register. As one business weekly reported last year, "It looks like a Merry Christmas. . . . Late shoppers turn the tide. . . . Sales get into the Christmas spirit."

Most of the publications try to keep us in a cheerful mood, of course. One told us how to "take a religious holiday." It was instructive, but it required trips to Rome and Jerusalem. Others produce lists of amazing gift suggestions such as white-

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JEROME BEATTY, Jr., is the author of the current bestseller, Show Me the Way to Go Home: The Commuter Story (*Crowell*).

*I squirmed only a little bit for this one.

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wall tires, travel-folders-in-a-bunch, genealogy charts and properly-aged three-inch steaks. The *Hostess Almanac* thinks up something for you to do each day of December. Like on the 9th, you let "children stick cranberries and popcorn into the crevices of pine cones." Having made a stab at this, I can tell you that to accomplish it one needs a cross between the Botanical Gardens and the atomic laboratories at Los Alamos.

December issues of publications are, of course, replete with advice on toys. One article warns: "Parents will frequently feel lost in the gilt, noise and flashiness of it all." What an understatement! The article develops some interesting theses, such as "Do choose toys that give children a chance to express themselves," and warnings not to be scared off "from toys that provide a bit of danger; [the] hazard may be just enough to encourage a meaningful lesson in safety." The fact that this advice was approved by the American Medical Association may have more significance than is at first apparent.

SOME of us are so stupid that even if we know how to buy toys, we don't know how to place them under the tree! One newspaper columnist deals with this intricate matter in some detail. There are two ways of piling presents, "the individual pile system and the nest system." The first "can be disastrous"; in the second, you have "one pile per child per nest." I was encouraged to read elsewhere recently that the Pat Boone family uses the disastrous individual stack system. All the Boones take turns opening presents before breakfast, while the others watch. "This makes for a long, but happily shared, gift-giving time," the writer said. For once, I agree; anything to stretch the ceremony out as far as possible before that dread question comes from the lips of one of the children: "Is that all?"

Last year a nerve-racked father introduced into the New York State Legislature a bill requiring manufacturers to assemble completely all toys before shipment to retailers. The bill, unhappily, was torpedoed, so not only the legislator who introduced it, but fathers throughout the land will as usual spend many man-hours this Christmas Eve trying to put together some steam shovel or kiddie car or bicycle according to directions written for an Einstein.

THE JOLLY old elf himself is probably the most abused of all Christmas institutions. A good instance is the school in upstate New York to which department stores and other organizations send men for training in the art of being Santa Claus. The week-long course includes lectures and demonstrations on the history and evolution of Santa, child psychology, toys for different ages, etc. A successful student earns a silver pin and a degree. According to the headmaster, the student learns that "the basic requirement to be a successful Santa Claus is genuineness. Play the hearty, friendly role of Santa to the hilt, whenever you are in costume." The irony of this advice is not lost on me, for I am traditionally suspicious of Santa Clauses when they are out of uniform, having found them without exception unjovial, particularly in July.

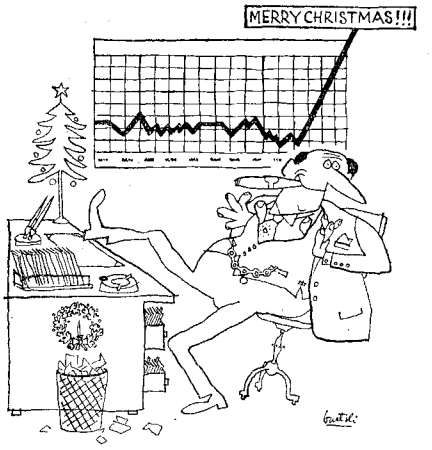
If I had to center my criticism on one figure, I suppose I'd choose the modern St. Nick. Needless to say, I am wasting my barbs, for the symbolic figure has outlived — yea! thrived on — a nauseating essay entitled "Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus," which has been reprinted in a New York newspaper every Yule since 1897, when it first appeared in answer to a little girl's question. The little girl is now seventy years old and apparently no more fed up with the piece than the rest of us.

Not too long ago the vicar of St. Albans said, "Let Santa Claus get back to the North Pole and stay there. We do not need him. He is redundant. Christ alone makes Christmas."

Those are pretty strong words, for Santa Claus and Christmas are among those sacred institutions which, like motherhood and the national anthem, are supposed to be above criticism. A current outstanding exception is the case of Stan Freberg, who made a record last year called *Green Christmas*. Apparently it is going to be a hit each season, just like the more innocuous one of Irving Berlin's. This is surprising, for Freberg satirically blasts the Christmas of our day. The clang of the cash register and such lines as "whose birthday are we celebrating anyway?" point up the over-commercialism of the holiday. The record has won approbation of churchmen, ad agencies and advertisers.

The paradox is that Freberg, the son of a minister, has coined a lot of cash as a result of the success of the platter, and is himself open to the charge of making money on Christmas. But the royalties go to charity.

Perhaps the boldest justification



for the retention of Santa was given by Mrs. Walter Ferguson in her syndicated column a while back, in reply to some shafts directed at the lovable fellow:

> He has become our supersalesman. . . . The baby Jesus inspires love which makes us want to give, but old Santa remains the figure who coaxes us into the store.

PRACTICALLY all the adjustments of Yule time have some economic value. Christmas cards are no exception. I'll never forget the shock of reading that Senator Estes Kefauver had sent out 40,000 of them one year. Presumably they were not addressed by hand, and presumably he didn't lick the stamps.

Lots of clever businesses are realizing that the Christmas card list is a swell direct-mail gimmick. Here's the message on one that was mailed

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out in great quantities by the employees of one firm:

> C—— U——'s purposes, as stated in its charter, are to provide for consumers information and counsel, on consumer goods and services . . . to give information and assistance on all matters relating to expenditure of family income . . . to initiate and to cooperate with individual and group efforts seeking to create and maintain decent living standards . . . AND TO WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A card sent by one business firm a couple of years back declared, "A gift has been sent in your name to Farouk." I was touched by this sentiment, as I was by a card sent out by a public-relations firm which announced that the firm had delivered a present in my name to some institutionalized boys and girls. After a brief line wishing me a Merry Christmas and all that, the rest of the card was devoted to the name of the firm, in large type, and the (printed) full names of the twenty-one executives and associates in the company. Nobody, of course, had had to touch a pen to any part of the card. Later I received a form letter from the sick kids, thanking me in the name of the public-relations firm.

Probably the most unusual Christmas message I ever received was a printed letter from a sincere well-wisher. It contained many thoughts, but the best was this one: "Have you ever tried God's Power when faced with impossible problems? *The results will truly amaze you.*" This led me into a sacrilegious daydream in which various TV pitchmen were selling me a bottle of G-O-D—that's how it was spelled in my dream—for all that ails me, and saying, "Try G-O-D. The results will truly amaze you. If not—then your money back."

That's precisely the way I feel about Operation Bethlehem: I want my money back.

ROCKEFELLER'S STRATEGY . . *by William G. Andrews*

Hanover, N. H.

IN 1952 front-running Bob Taft was hauled up short by a drubbing in the first-in-the-nation Presidential preference primary in New Hampshire. Dwight D. Eisenhower was an easy victor despite the fact that he was still coyly awaiting his "call to duty" from NATO headquarters in Europe. As *Time* wrote prophetically, "New Hampshire has so changed political calculations that Eisenhower now seems to be leading the Republican race for the first time since November."

In that same New Hampshire primary, President Harry Truman was routed by Estes Kefauver and shortly announced that he would not seek re-election. Today, many political pundits are speculating on the possibility that New Hampshire's early primary may again play giant-killer and give Nelson Rockefeller's campaign the psychological boost it needs. The significance of this speculation is increased by a recent report in *The New York Times* from Rockefeller's "closest advisers" that "he will enter the New Hampshire primary" if he decides to run.

WILLIAM G. ANDREWS, former state news editor of the Lebanon, N.H., Daily Valley News, *teaches government at Dartmouth College.*

It would be folly to believe that the comparisons between 1952 Taft and 1960 Nixon in New Hampshire are close. In 1952, all the top state leaders were lined up behind Ike. Today, most of them are backing Nixon. In 1952, public-opinion polls showed Eisenhower to have an edge over Taft before the primary, whereas a survey last summer disclosed that New Hampshire Republicans preferred Nixon over Rockefeller by 6-to-1. Taft's isolationism probably hurt him in this state, but, whatever Nixon is, he isn't an isolationist.

Nor is Nixon as ineffective in campaigning as was Taft. New Hampshire's voters in 1952 failed to "dig" Taft's cold, clammy manner and his snide plaints about Ike's aloofness. He fought his way through crowds instead of patronizing autograph-seekers and he cut short or brushed off questioners. The campaign wearied him and his attempts at informality fell dismally flat. In the city of Lebanon, for instance, he generated snickers instead of warmth when he said, "I'm so happy to be in Laconia, where I have many friends." An aide muttered desperately, "Lebanon! Lebanon!" and Taft compounded the sin: "But I don't have much time because I am due to speak this evening in *Lebanon.*" Nixon's ponderous sincerity may leave his listeners feeling oily, but he does not make such boners.

DESPITE the fact that the party leaders and voter opinion in the state at present are unfavorable to the Rockefeller candidacy, he may be compelled to make the race there if he decides seriously to seek the Presidency. Furthermore, there are good reasons to believe that he can use the New Hampshire primary as a springboard into the White House.

One thing is clear above all others in the 1960 Republican race: if Rockefeller is to beat Nixon, he must do so on the primary circuit. He cannot sit back and wait for two other rivals to deadlock the convention and then slip in by the side door—as did Willkie in 1940. He doesn't have two rivals—only Nixon. Nor can he win enough delegates in state convention fights unless he has demonstrated his voter appeal in primary contests. The GOP state machines that control the state conventions are—with few exceptions—solidly in the Nixon camp.

Rockefeller's only chance to prevent Nixon from waltzing into the White House, nominated by acclamation, is to follow the example of Eisenhower's backers in 1952 and prove that he is a stronger candidate at the hustings than today's front

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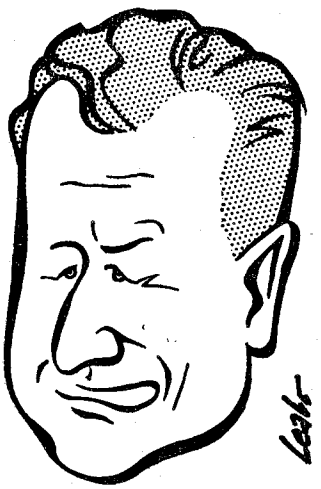
runner. Furthermore, one or two indecisive tests in small states won't do the trick. He must pick up enough delegates to prevent a Nixon win on the first ballot. He has New York's large delegation in his pocket, but what he needs more than anything else is California's ballots. If he can beat Nixon in the latter's own back yard, he will have the Vice President in serious trouble. The balance of delegate strength will have been altered and Nixon dealt a severe psychological blow. Some of Rockefeller's advisers reportedly believe that intra-party jealousies and the flexibility of California's partisan politics might well enable their candidate to pull that neat trick. The "new Republicanism" sentiment that is strong in iconoclastic California, combined with powerful pro-Knight and pro-Warren elements in the Republican Party who never liked Nixon, could well combine to fashion a Rockefeller win.

But no one wins like a winner. It would be very difficult to generate the necessary enthusiasm in a state the size of California for a candidate as little known as Rockefeller unless he had demonstrated winning power in a previous primary contest. New Hampshire and Wisconsin have the earliest primaries. Wisconsin has a strong progressive tradition from which Rockefeller could undoubtedly draw strong support.

ON THE other hand, New Hampshire offers some real advantages. It is only one-seventh as populous and one-sixth as large in area as Wisconsin. Thus, a short, vigorous, intensive campaign would produce much more substantial dividends for a candidate whose greatest asset is his political sex appeal. His greatest liability is that he is relatively little known and the voters think he has less governmental experience than Nixon. This fact was made abundantly clear in last summer's poll in this state. Nearly five of every six Nixon supporters here who explained why they preferred him to Rockefeller cited his "experience," or said they had "heard more about him." Actually, Rockefeller's governmental experience has been longer and much more diversified and challenging than Nixon's. But the voters don't know it and only a rigorous, drum-beating campaign will change their minds.

Therefore, New York's Governor must first make his background of public service known to the voters and, secondly, he must make himself known to them. This means, above all, a personal-appearance tour, hitting every town and city of any significance. This can be done much more easily and in less time in New Hampshire than in Wisconsin. The voters in New Hampshire are very



Governor Rockefeller

conscious of their role as political weather vane after the impact of the 1952 primary and they are more likely to turn out in numbers to "see what this guy is like" than in a state where the primary has not been of such significance recently. This fact, combined with the custom of holding the primary in conjunction with the town meetings, will make it easier to turn out a big vote in New Hampshire. Voters will have local issues to draw them out as well as the national contest. A big vote will tend to reduce the advantage of the "machine candidate," whose supporters would come to the polls in any case.

Nor should it be forgotten that New York and New Hampshire are neighboring, Eastern, industrial states having much more in common than have New York and Wisconsin. For this reason, also, Rockefeller is probably better known in New Hampshire. He has many personal contacts in the Granite State through his Dartmouth College and Exeter Academy associations. His sons attended Exeter. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1930, was a trustee from 1942 to 1952, and sent one son there.

A final—but very significant—factor suggesting that Rockefeller's best chances lie in New Hampshire is that a strong grass-roots organization has been functioning and building here since last May. At that time, certain state politicians and lawyers began meeting to discuss ways they might aid a Rockefeller candidacy. The group emerged into the public eye with the announcement in September of a roster of forty members of a state advisory committee. Since then the list has been expanded to about eighty, a headquarters has been established in Concord, and the names of persons sympathetic to Rockefeller have been solicited in every corner of the state.

It is true that most of the first-rank politicians are in the Nixon camp, but the honorary chairman of the Draft Rockefeller group, and one of its most active members, is Congressman Chester E. Merrow. Also in the group are two of New Hampshire's twenty-four state senators and a dozen or so of her 400 state representatives. The other Congressman, Perkins Bass, is uncommitted, although he has said that he "leans toward" Rockefeller. Mr. Bass's brother is a member of the nine-man steering committee. The state chairman is William G. Saltonstall, headmaster of Exeter, who was a delegate for Eisenhower at the 1952 convention and for Stassen in 1948.

County and town committees have also been organized in many parts of the state. The most active of these is the committee in Hanover, home of Dartmouth College, which recently held a very successful rally.

WHILE THE rabidly-reactionary Manchester *Union-Leader* is vociferously supporting Nixon, most of the other eight New Hampshire dailies seem to be lining up for Rockefeller. At least four have already done so, and a couple of others are leaning that way. The influence of the *Union-Leader* is hard to measure. As the only newspaper with state-wide circulation, its impact is undoubtedly great. But sometimes it produces unanticipated reactions. Willie Loeb, who prides himself on being one of

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the last "personal journalists" in the country, is not above slanting both news and editorial columns for the sake of candidates with whose political philosophy he agrees. He writes frequent, intemperate front-page editorials with an acid pen. At the time of the death of Sen. Joe McCarthy, he black-bordered a big, front-page editorial, labeled it "Murdered!", and blamed "that stinking hypocrite in the White House" for the passing of his hero. Loeb also used this type of scurrility against Eisenhower in the 1952 primary and, as was suggested in *The Nation* at the time, "the violence of his attacks" may have "helped to defeat Taft, just as similar atacks on Senator Tobey defeated . . . Powell . . . two years" earlier.

Already the *Union-Leader* has trained its angry fire on Rockefeller. Loeb argued recently that Nixon is preferable to Rockefeller because the Vice President is experienced, has greater party loyalty, and because

> . . . Nothing could be worse for this nation than to combine the greatest fortune in the United States with the biggest government. The combination of big money and big government would REALLY reduce the average citizen to a hopeless position. The billions of the Rockefellers, combined with the billions of the federal government, would mean a combination of power extremely dangerous to democratic and free institutions of this country.

Speculation on the ability of Rockefeller to capture crowds in New Hampshire is not wholly hypothetical. He attended a class reunion and football game at Dartmouth in September. After the game, he spoke briefly and informally to a crowd of several thousand in front of Dartmouth Hall. Someone in the crowd called out: "What about 1960?"

> Friends, [was the cheerful reply] that's a bit like the six New Yorkers who were out in a rowboat. The boat upset and they were thrown into the water. Another boat happened by and fished them out of the drink, but it was small and already crowded. When they thought everyone had been accounted for, another head was seen bobbing in the water nearby. One of the boat's occupants, concerned lest it sink from overloading, called out, "Hello, over there! Are you all right? Can you float alone?" "Sure, I can float a loan," was the answer. "So, at a time like this, you want to talk business?"

The pun was sheer cornball and the crowd's reaction was less a laugh than a good-natured guffaw. The Governor had made his point and the question had been evaded, but he had won friends doing it. That same evening, he discussed his work in New York State with a group of his supporters, leaving them convinced that he was not simply a playboy in politics. Throughout his visit here, he conveyed the impression, whether accurate or not, that he is a man at peace with himself and with the world, yet having an acute sense of *noblesse oblige* in the manner of the Roosevelts or the British aristocracy.

If he comes into this state for a week or ten days, conducts a well-prepared and vigorous campaign in every corner, and is as successful in transmitting a picture of good-natured but determined leadership as he did in New York in 1958 and at Dartmouth this fall, he has a good chance to overcome Nixon's long lead. Yet — because that lead is so long — he need not win control of New Hampshire's handful of convention votes to score a moral victory. In fact, because the best-known New Hampshire political names — Senators Bridges and Cotton and Governor Powell — will probably head the list of prospective Nixon delegates, the Rockefeller supporters may not run a slate of delegates, relying only on the showing of their candidate in the preference vote to achieve their purposes. Even a narrow defeat in the popularity contest would, in effect, they believe, be a psychological victory for Rockefeller and could be just the gentle nudge needed to set his bandwagon rolling.

REMILITARIZATION of JAPAN . . *by John G. Roberts*

Tokyo

FIVE AMERICAN aircraft carriers, some of which saw action against Hirohito, are being towed to Japan for scrapping. Newspaper comments on the deal are as sentimental as those generated by Admiral Nimitz's gesture in returning his *Hideaki* swords to the land of the *Samurai*. But for those of us old enough to remember the rape of Nanking and the "Co-prosperity Sphere," the tidings have less happy connotations. Not quite forgotten are those hot-blooded rallies against the sale of steel to imperialist Japan, noisy denunciations of the *zaibatsu*—Japan's "economic royalists"—and the mute protests of feminine calves muffled in lisle hose to boycott Japanese silk.

Such a fire-horse reflex may seem dated in this new era studded with the Colombo Plan, World Bank, ICA, IMF, SEATO and other jewels of Free World cooperation. It could even be called alarmist in the midst of good-will tours, Summit plans and disarmament proposals. But while pollyannas of the press were still misty-eyed at the prospect of warships being melted down into bicycles and sewing machines, there came another announcement that a shipment of Sidewinder missiles had been secretly airlifted to the U. S. air base at Tachikawa and tranferred to the Japanese "Self-Defense" forces. Sidewinders are a part of the armament of the Lockheed jet fighters soon to be manufactured in Japan by Mitsubishi.

Other items in the Tokyo newspapers fail to ease one's qualms. To quote a few recent headlines: JAPANESE ARMED FORCES STRONGER THAN IN '31; DE-

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JOHN G. ROBERTS, Tokyo correspondent for several business publications, is at work on a book about contemporary Japan.

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FENSE BILLS RAMMED THROUGH DIET BY TORIES; Y1,500 BILLION DEFENSE BUILD-UP PLAN DRAFTED; JAPAN ARMS MAKERS EXPECT ORDER BOOM; JAPAN TO BUILD MISSILE WARSHIP; A-ARMS SEEN FOR JAPAN IN DECADE.

It is hardly news any more that Japan is rearming. But perhaps it is less fully recognized that the country which renounced war is being militarized at the expense of American taxpayers, and by an oligopoly-dominated government with renewed expansionist ambitions.

This unpleasant conclusion is substantiated by a number of current developments:

1. In clear violation of the Japanese Constitution, the Kishi Administration is rushing a revision of the Japan-U.S. Security Treaty which will create, in effect, a military alliance. The revised pact will heighten the tensions, already dangerous, between Japan and the Eastern bloc; it will increase the danger of Japan's involvement in possible wars between the United States and third countries; and the assertion is made, convincingly, that the new treaty will require Japan to equip its forces with nuclear weapons.

2. The biggest prewar *zaibatsu*, the Mitsubishi, Mitsui and Sumitomo industrial empires, have been fully resurrected and enjoy political power perhaps greater than at the time of Pearl Harbor. The Big Three, united with new *zaibatsu* and presumably supported by their U. S. business partners — Westinghouse (Mitsubishi), G. E. (Mitsui), Western Electric (Sumitomo), Standard Oil (Mitsui, Mitsubishi and others) and Alcoa (Furukawa) — are pressing for accelerated rearmament by every means, including circumvention of the democratic process.

3. The Kishi Administration has announced an ambitious "Six-Year Plan" of military build-up, integrated closely with a program of munitions production and export formulated by the *zaibatsu*, upon whose support the existence of the ruling party depends.

4. The rearmament program is made possible largely through military and economic aid from the United States, granted for the apparent purpose of establishing Japan as an economic colony, a permanent advance base against Asia, a cut-rate arsenal and a source of ground troops for any future war in the East.

ARTICLE 9 of Japan's 1947 Constitution seems unmistakable in its intent when it declares:

> Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as means of settling international disputes.
>
> In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized.

Mr. Kishi himself, in an interview with Cecil Brown a year ago, said that there could be no U.S.-Japanese mutual-defense treaty similar to those America has with other countries because the Constitution would not permit it. "The time has come to abrogate Article 9," he said. But the amendment idea was not popular, so the agile Mr. Kishi changed his ground. Last month he told critics in the Diet that Article 9 not only permitted rearmament and the U.S. alliance, but the use of nuclear weapons as well.

The Tokyo District Court, however, regarded Article 9 as less elastic. In a thunderbolt decision reversing the convictions of seven Japanese charged with trespassing on the U.S. base at Sunakawa in 1957, Judge Aiko Date found that the stationing of U.S. forces in Japan was unconstitutional. The decision, rendered in March, 1959, implied the invalidity of the Security Treaty and the Administrative Agreement under which U.S. bases enjoy extraterritorial status. This critical case is still pending before the Supreme Court; yet Kishi, sworn to uphold the Constitution, is now determined to ignore it, as well as the power of the judiciary. On October 10, he insisted that, regardless of the courts, he would sign the treaty revision, probably in January.

The present draft of the U.S.-Japanese pact, called a "Mutual Cooperation and Security Treaty," perpetuates the stationing of U.S. forces in Japan for ten years. It obligates Japan to retaliate against any attack on U.S. bases (over which Japan has no jurisdiction) regardless of the provocation, and permits the deployment of Japanese forces abroad. It has no provision against the introduction of nuclear weapons by the United States, so that Japan may become a nuclear arsenal subject to H-bomb attack in the event of war. The pact incorporates the Vandenberg Resolution, requiring any country entering into a mutual-aid relationship with the United States to have sufficient military strength to engage in modern warfare. This may be construed to mean that Japan, too, must become a nuclear power. While the draft makes frequent obeisance to the Japanese Constitution, it does not explain just how Japan is to meet these provisions while forever renouncing war and all war-potential.

IN THE FACE of these Constitutional obstacles and widespread popular opposition, Mr. Kishi's haste to conclude the treaty may be perplexing. But it becomes rather clearer when we consider the *zaibatsu,* with whom his association has been long and friendly. Dissolved by MacArthur's SCAP soon after the surrender, these many-tentacled combines, aided by Washington's reversal of the dissolution policy, lost no time in planning a revival. The Big Three (Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo) reassembled their member companies and added many more, to become once again the economic rulers of Japan. Although family ownership has been replaced by more widely distributed stockholdings, control remains largely in the hands of managers who forged Japan's war machine in the thirties and encouraged its use for imperialist aggression.

The *zaibatsu's* productive capacity, said to be triple that of the wartime peak, is concentrated in heavy industries, but export markets are inadequate and unreliable. The United States recession of 1957-58 gave Japan a severe jolt. Trade with

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China, Japan's natural market and source of raw materials, had promised to be a sound economic base, but relations were cut off by Peking in 1958 because of Japan's adherence to the Dulles China policy. In a classic response to these challenges, the *zaibatsu* looked to armaments as a safeguard against economic tailspins.

The anxiety of the *zaibatsu* to expand their military potential is manifest in the recent decision of the Economic Reconstruction Council (chief source of funds for the governing Liberal-Democratic Party) to allocate almost $1 million for pro-treaty publicity. The council, led by unreconstructed *zaibatsu*, is an adjunct of the Federation of Economic Organizations *(Keidanren)* — the GHQ of Japanese big business.

THE MEANS by which pressure for rearmament is exerted cannot be understood without a close look at *Keidanren*, the top layer of a hierarchy of interlocking economic organizations in which the normally competitive *zaibatsu* unite in pursuit of mutual aims. Heading the federation is Taizo Ishizaka, chairman of Toshiba, a huge combine whose largest stockholder is General Electric, and which is regarded as the hub of the Mitsui industrial empire. A vice-chairman is Shigeo Nagano, president of Fuji Steel, one of the largest in its field; he is said to be primarily responsible for securing the Prime Ministry for Mr. Kishi. Another vice-chairman is Arakazu Ojima, president of Yawata Steel, one of Japan's top profit makers.

Last month it was announced that a $44 million World Bank loan was to be shared between Fuji and Yawata, by authority of Hayato Ikeda, Minister of International Trade and Industry. Ikeda, leader of the right-wing Yoshida faction of the Liberal-Democratic Party, is strongly pro-American. Both steel companies have a huge stake in rearmament, of course; and both are among the most generous contributors to the Reconstruction Council to which Kishi and Ikeda are beholden.

It should be added that Fuji Steel plans a $40 million steel mill on Taiwan, which would place Nagano squarely behind the Dulles-Herter

Far East policy and the military burdens which it entails. Indeed, he is active in the Japan-Nationalist China Cooperation Council, whose role is similar to that of America's shadowy "China Lobby."

THIS partial circuit diagram is shown only to suggest the close collaboration between big business and Japan's "democratic" regime. Similarly relevant are the composition and activities of *Keidanren's* committees, which are led by the presidents or chairmen of Japan's foremost enterprises. It is in these committees that policy on every aspect of Japanese politics and economics is hammered out. The emergent programs are presented to the government as recommendations, but all too frequently they seem to be accepted as orders.

One of the most important organs of *Keidanren* is the Defense Industry Committee, headed by Kiyoshi Goko. As wartime head of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, he developed the Zero fighting plane as well as the world's largest warships. His former company, Mitsubishi Heavy Industries (reorganized), has been awarded the major share of a contract to manufacture 200 Lockheed F104 CJ ("J" for Japan) jet fighters for the Japanese Air Force. Behind the authorization to manufacture these planes (at over $1 million apiece) is the fact that both Mitsubishi and other aircraft companies have been suffering heavy losses due to the sluggishness of the defense build-up. Something had to give; and, as usual, it was Uncle Sugar. The United States will pay 30 to 50 per cent of the cost of the planes.

But returning to *Keidanren*: Each of the nine subcommittees on defense industry is headed by a top executive from a major arms manufacturer. One exception is the subcommittee on foreign arms markets, whose chairman is Kogoro Uemura, who was responsible for mobilizing the *zaibatsu* economic organizations during World War II, and had close relations with Kishi, who was Minister of Trade and Industry in the Tojo Cabinet.

Uemura is important as the author of a plan for exporting weapons to Southeast Asia, cannily anticipating Eisenhower's April 4 Gettysburg address. At that time, the President stressed a program in which the industrial capacity of Japan was to be the most important element in defending Asia from Communist aggression. Now, in substance, Japan is taking over some of the responsibilities of ICA in Southeast Asia—but still at the expense of the U.S. taxpayer.

THIS BOON to industrialists is in addition to the Japanese reparations program, most of the proceeds of which go directly into the pockets of the *zaibatsu* in payment for goods shipped to recipient nations. Indeed, the whole reparations program turns out to be a billion-dollar shot in the arm for the *zaibatsu*, who were largely responsible for starting the war in the first place. And the money? It comes from taxpayer-*san* to the tune of $30 for every man, woman and child in Japan.

The Uemura-Eisenhower plan for Southeast Asia has other brilliant advantages: it allows expansion of Japanese arms production far beyond present needs of the "Self-Defense" Forces in preparation for the future; it equips conservative or authoritarian governments to resist aggression, internal as well as external, in those areas in which Japan's foreign investment is most concentrated; and not to be overlooked is the edge it gives Japan over European competitors, who are also seeking munitions markets.

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Japan's long-range defense program, incorporated into the Defense Agency's proposed Six Year Plan, calls for a tripled arms budget by 1965. By that year, significantly, aircraft expenditures decrease sharply, while the guided-missile production curve takes a steep upturn in 1962.

Such activities, not unexpectedly, provoke harsh accusations from the Communist bloc. While Washington hails Japan as our Far East bulwark, Moscow and Peking call it bluntly "an arsenal of the U.S.," "an active supporter of the warmongers" and "a base for atomic war."

But although Mr. Kishi (who spent three years in Sugamo Prison as a "Class A" war-crimes suspect) has been called a warmonger in the Diet, it need not be concluded that either he or his *zaibatsu* backers really want a war. As responsible politicians and businessmen, their job is to stabilize an economy which is expanding more rapidly than any in the capitalist world. They seem to hope that they can reap the benefits of girding for war without shedding blood. This thinking is well expressed by industrialist Yuichi Yuasa, who told the *Japan Times:*

> The public is prone to associate the defense industry with the prewar military industry and rearmament. However, the postwar defense industry is dedicated in part to the maintenance of peace and order within the country. As such . . . [it] should be welcomed by the public. . . . Many phases of the defense industry require a high degree of technology and can be expected to pull up the technological level of Japanese industries in general.

But suppose that in pursuit of these lofty aims, Japan should become involved in war? Such a question was asked of Tsunao Okumura, president of Japan's largest securities company, who gave this poetic but not very reassuring reply:

> If war comes, you and I and all the peoples of the world may perhaps be voyaging in a spiritual form to another universe, so let us not worry that far.

Such a fatalistic attitude is not entirely unjustified while Japan's destiny remains in the fumbling hands of American statesmen. The State Department has recently reiterated that there will be no change in our policy toward China, which was so frankly expressed in 1954 by Walter Robertson, then Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs:

> The heart of the present policy toward China and Formosa . . . is that there is to be kept alive a constant threat of military action vis-a-vis Red China in the hope that there would be an internal breakdown. . . . For an indefinite period we would go on subsidizing the peripheral peoples to the end that at some point they might be prepared to move in militarily, with our support, on the Communist areas of China. . . ." [Toronto *Telegram,* Feb. 12, 1954.]

As a "peripheral people" the Japanese must have a beefed-up self-defense force to be able to "move in militarily, with our support." The treaty revision and rearmament are corollaries of this policy; and in fairness to the *zaibatsu,* it must be admitted that the heavier responsibility for current developments lies in Washington.

Actually, Japan is spending only 1.75 per cent of gross national income for military purposes (the United States spends more than 10 per cent). Direct U.S. military aid to Japan has averaged $150 million a year over the past eight years. Meanwhile the U.S. forces in Japan spend some $200 million a year on military contracts for goods and services, thereby expanding domestic capacity and know-how while preparing a gigantic military establishment which will eventually go to Japan.

BUT PRESSURE for rearmament does not come entirely from the State Department and the military. American business and finance, too, have a big stake in Japan. U.S. investment in Japan, including loans and credits, has increased from a prewar $119 million to some $600 million. This is exclusive of postwar relief loans of $1,700 million, most of which will never be repaid. Loans from the World Bank alone total $302 million. And in addition to investments, more than 800 U.S. companies have profitable tie-ups with Japanese firms.

The protection of this investment is a sufficient incentive for encouraging Japan to rearm. But it must also be considered that the heaviest investments are in the steel, petroleum and electrical industries which benefit so richly from rearmament. It is no coincidence that these industries are the three largest contributors to Mr. Kishi's Liberal-Democratic Party, which is not only pushing for rearmament and pact revision, but for removing the legal obstacles to increased U.S. investment in Japan.

The Kishi Government contends that, despite the idealistic MacArthur Constitution, every country has the inherent right of self-defense. The argument has merit, especially when other countries, including former Axis powers, are being equipped with nuclear weapons. But if such a right exists, it resides in the people, not in a faction of the prevailing party. And the Japanese people are overwhelmingly against rearmament and war. A *Yomiuri* newspaper poll showed that 50 per cent of the people favored neutrality, while only 26 per cent wanted an alliance with the United States; a *Mainichi* poll indicated that 40.7 per cent of those questioned were against the substance of the proposed treaty revision, while only 28 per cent were in favor.

AT A TIME when world disarmament seems more than a pipe dream, when our China policy is tottering and when other crevasses in the cold-war glacier seem to herald spring, Kishi's frantic campaign for a provocative military alliance is anachronistic. Furthermore, a government which flouts its own Constitution and the popular will is hardly a reliable repository of modern military power. The Kishi regime is further disqualified by its subservience to the *zaibatsu,* a group whose incapacity for responsible stewardship was demonstrated before and during World War II.

The Japanese people remember with gratitude the generosity of the American victors, whose greatest gift was the hope of democracy and lasting peace. But the friendship we have won is being rapidly dissipated by Washington's sponsorship of a revived militarism which threatens both democracy and peace.

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How Lives Are Written

TWO GENTLE MEN: The Lives of George Herbert and Robert Herrick. By Marchette Chute. E. P. Dutton & Co. 319 pp. $5.

ADVENTURES OF A BIOGRAPHER. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Little, Brown & Co. 235 pp. $4.

Richard D. Altick

AFTER the success of her life-and-times books about Chaucer and Shakespeare, Marchette Chute's *Two Gentle Men* represents a courageous change of pace. These heroes do not bestride their times; they are two seventeenth-century Anglican country priests. And the literary products involved are not a "Canterbury Tales," nor some forty immortal plays, but only two small volumes of lyrics.

The twin portraits of George Herbert and Robert Herrick form a pleasant diptych. The men were almost exact contemporaries, living in an age filled with turbulence which spread from theology to politics and then, climactically, to an agonizing civil war and the beheading of a king. But "the Church of England needed a wide roof to accommodate two men as unlike as the saintly rector of Bemerton and the somewhat pagan vicar," Robert Herrick. Herbert, well connected and intellectually gifted, tried hard for a political career but didn't make it. He ended instead as the devout and benevolent rector of an obscure parish, fully deserving the tribute he received from Izaak Walton's eloquent but inaccurate pen. Herrick, on the other hand, was never too pious; many would have said, not pious enough. Entering the church only after having gone through his inheritance, he was distinguished instead for his joyous bibulousness, indifference to parish duties and attention to swishing petticoats. His temperament fitted him to live in the era of Horace and Catullus rather than that of Laud and Cromwell, but if his poems of youth and love in *Hesperides* are any indication, he managed to keep a bit of paganism alive in England even as the Puritans appeared on the church porch.

Herrick had little trouble reaching a congenial understanding with the Christian religion. Holy orders offered a practical way to secure an undemanding livelihood, and doctrinal issues didn't matter very much. But George Herbert took religion with passionate seriousness, and his tormented search for divine assurance and forgiveness generated poetry as moving, of its kind, as any we have. Although England's age-old concern for faith has engaged many fine minds and talents, not until Hopkins did it produce another such poet.

The interior drama of Herbert's life, as reflected in *The Temple*, is less suited to Miss Chute's talents than the gay superficiality of Herrick's. Her resolutely undramatic prose is an admirable vehicle for understatement, but in Herbert's case it mutes unduly the sound of his spiritual struggle which, after all, *was* shrill. A biographer as determined as Miss Chute is to avoid even the suspicion of histrionics is somewhat at a disadvantage when dealing with a subject like Herbert.

IN A popular biographer restraint is a virtue as considerable as it is rare. It is difficult—how difficult, nobody can know who has not tried it—to assimilate the contents of hundreds of specialized and complicated books and articles and then to distill their essential facts into an easily comprehended narrative, without doing violence to the truth. Miss Chute's sense of responsibility has won her the respect of professional scholars, who are notoriously chary of bestowing their blessing on avowed popularizers.

Casually considered, to be sure, Miss Chute's prose seems to plod; it has the air, as Chesterton once said of Matthew Arnold's essays, of a schoolmaster explaining things to a class of idiot children. But a careful reading of *Two Gentle Men* will show how deceptive this first impression is. I suspect that Miss Chute spends as much time over her sentences as Herrick did in carving his well-wrought poetic cherrystones. And the sober grace of her style does not limit it to a single key. Actually it is, in its modest way, a flexible instrument which, like the Church of England's roof, can accommodate the contrasting spirits of two lives like Herbert's and Herrick's, even if it cannot convey the full fierceness of Herbert's inner turmoil.

MISS CHUTE does her reading almost entirely in the New York Public Library, to which she dedicated her book on Ben Jonson. Catherine Drinker Bowen, who works on a much more lavish scale, ranges the world, from Leningrad to California. In *Adventures of a Biographer* she offers what might be called a Wednesday matinee view of scholarly research. I have no doubt that the book is true to Mrs. Bowen's own temperament and experience; but it will be a bitter day for librarians, descendants of famous men and publishers' editors if her enthusiasm should tempt many other ladies, with visions of the Book-of-the-Month Club in their heads, to embark on similar programs of investigation. High spirits and unlimited curiosity are not the only requisites of the successful biographer.

Mrs. Bowen is, so to speak, the professional amateur. She retains, after five elaborately researched bestsellers, the wide-eyed wonder of a girl reporter sent downtown to interview a television celebrity for the high school paper. Packing her notebooks and bundles of sharp pencils from one place to another, she existed, by her own account, in a perpetual happy dither. Thanks to this fortunate combination of romantic zest, brashness and inexhaustible diligence, she has met many interesting people, visited many fascinating homes and written biographies that read like fiction which, in places, they are.

But the impression one receives from some of her cheerily ingenuous anecdotes is not quite what she intended. She arrives, for instance, at the Huntington Library. She has notified the officials beforehand that she will have only two or three days to spend there, and that she expects to be shown this rare drawing and that first edition and, well, anything else they have that would be of use to her. ("How do you do your research?" the musicologist E. J. Dent once asked her. "Me?" she answered. "Oh, I just plunge around in libraries.") The librarians, with what nervousness we can imagine, meet her at the door and try to divert her to the rare orchids in the garden and *The Blue Boy* and *Pinkie* in the art gallery. But she will have none of it. "No, I said; I wanted to see the books." And, of course, she does. She is not one to be denied. There is a sinister ring in her preface: "Every book that I have written has had its situations and its people who rose up to block me, either purposefully or by

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accident.This is the biographer's hazard, and when it happens the writer fights back, no holds barred."

A reasonable toughness of purpose is desirable in anybody who works with the materials of history, but so is toughness of mind. At a meeting of the American Historical Association Mrs. Bowen sensed a certain lack of rapport between herself and the academic historians. Doubtless it was true that they envied her popular success and disapproved of her imaginative ways with the past. But their failure to sympathize with her sentimentalism was more than matched by her inability to grasp what they were talking about. In fact, I wonder if she heard them correctly. The conventioners, she complains, "were forever taking shots at biography. 'The dangers of the biographical approach,' they said. I knew what they meant, of course. Biography is written from a point of view; the writer likes his hero or dislikes him. Moreover, biography is filled with personal detail, those 'particulars' to which the historian does not 'descend' without apology. To the professional historian, biography has for centuries been tainted." If Mrs. Bowen believes that modern historians despise either biography or "particulars," she has missed something important in her reading.

Historians may justifiably raise their eyebrows at Mrs. Bowen's simple doctrine that "the writing of biography is primarily a matter of reducing the large scenes to a series of small pictures that can be encompassed by the naked eye." She seeks to create a peepshow that will be visually as accurate as a Williamsburg Restoration, with every sconce and hitching post accounted for in the records, even though the thoughts that pass beneath the authenticated perukes are simply written into the script by a modern hand. But tireless antiquarianism and psychological guesswork are not the sum of the biographer's art. It is noticeable that Mrs. Bowen's definition omits any mention of the intellectual content of biography. In the midst of her breathless reminiscences, she should have reminded her readers that besides piling up mileage and an imposing bibliography, the biographer must also pause for hard thought.

Armada and Virginia

THE ELIZABETHANS AND AMERICA. By A. L. Rowse. Harper & Bros. 221 pp. $4.

Louis B. Wright

THE PROBLEMS that faced Elizabethan Englishmen were not altogether different from those that beset modern Americans; and, distant as they are in time from us, the parallels between their civilization and ours are significant and instructive. The Englishman of 1575 lived in political uncertainty, in the shadow of international disaster. Across the Narrow Seas stretched a land power of immense strength, a land power that had managed to cross the Atlantic and establish an empire in the New World. The soldiers of Spain were the best in the world, and the ruler of Spain, Philip II, looked forward to the day when these soldiers could conquer England and reduce that troublesome nation to the social, political and religious opinions held in Spain. In the sixteenth century, religion equated with politics, and the religious opinions of England and Spain, and hence their political systems, were as diametrically opposed as the political systems of the United States and Russia today.

In other respects Elizabethan England and modern America had many things in common. For the Elizabethans, the world had suddenly expanded as explorers brought back stories of the extent of lands beyond the seas, just as Americans have seen their own world expanding beyond the stratosphere. This expansion of the earth as they understood it had profound repercussions upon Elizabethan imaginations, just as the events of the past decade have had upon ours. A fundamental change also occurred in arms and armament in the sixteenth century, and if it was less sweeping than the discovery of atomic fission, at least for the Elizabethans it was almost as revolutionary. The controlled use of gunpowder had improved to such an extent that ancient techniques of warfare had to be abandoned. Englishmen also learned how to control their ships, to tack against the wind and to fight with ships instead of using them merely as floating platforms for soldiers. These developments eventually upset the balance of power in Europe and gave England an opportunity to meet Spain on an equal footing.

Elizabethan England, like modern America, was the victim of creeping inflation, with all the economic dislocations that came in its train. As the price of commodities rose, landed folk living on customary rents found themselves short of ready money; displaced laborers had difficulty adjusting to new conditions; itinerant workers at times became a serious social problem; and many people, both high and low, flocked to London and to other cities and towns as the first extensive urban development of modern times got under way. A prosperous middle class gained both economic and political power and began to look about for fresh means of investment and further sources of wealth. The Elizabethans were vigorous, imaginative and enterprising. They would have understood their descendants in America.

TO DESCRIBE the activities of these people in paving the way for the settlement of British America was the purpose of Professor A. L. Rowse in *The Elizabethans and America*, a series of discourses delivered as the first Trevelyan Lectures at Cambridge University. These lectures provide a spirited interpretation of the Elizabethans as Professor Rowse, a Fellow of All Souls College, understands them, and he has devoted a considerable part of a busy life to studying them. If the material that he presents is not as new to Americans as it is to Mr. Rowse and his fellow academicians, we must remember that our national origins have not had the consuming interest for latter-day Englishmen that they have had for us. It is refreshing to observe, however, that Mr. Rowse thought the theme a fitting one with which to edify those Cantabrigians who came to hear lectures established to honor a great historian.

The romantic interest that attaches to the first efforts by the English to establish colonies on these shores has resulted in an enormous literature, both scholarly and popular, concerned with Raleigh's colonial endeavor and with the final successful establishment at Jamestown. Mr. Rowse has made use of some of this accumulation of knowledge in writing lectures that once more tell the story of Queen Elizabeth's personal interest in American exploration and settlement, of Drake's voyages of pillage and discovery, of Richard Hakluyt's tireless propaganda, of Raleigh's long and disappointing struggle to seat colonists on the coast of North Carolina, of the settlement of Jamestown, and finally of the establishment of the Pil-

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grims at Plymouth and the Puritans on Massachusetts Bay. As he reaches the third decade of the seventeenth century, long after Elizabeth's death, he tries to distinguish qualities peculiarly "Elizabethan" in the later colonial activities, but the reader may find this distinction somewhat hard to discern. A final chapter discusses the impact of America on Elizabethan art, literature and science.

Looking back from later centuries, it may seem that the English very nearly overslept the opportunity to seize a portion of the New World. Early in the sixteenth century Spain created a great empire south of the Rio Grande, an empire that, contrary to popular opinion, she governed with remarkable efficiency and retained for three centuries. During most of Elizabeth's reign, it looked as if nothing could break the grip of Spain on the New World. Even within the powerful circle of the Queen's own advisers, some of her councilors doubted the wisdom of antagonizing the Iberian colossus by attempting any incursions into Spain's preserve overseas. The conflict of opinion was dramatized in plans for Drake's famous circumnavigation of the globe, when the Queen herself had to connive to keep Lord Burghley from knowing what Drake was up to. Even so, Burghley managed to place a personal spy aboard Drake's flagship, and the whole expedition might have gone awry had not Drake ordered a drumhead court-martial and executed the Lord Treasurer's representative. Burghley was not pro-Spanish; he simply believed that the part of wisdom required England to follow a discreet and safe policy of non-interference with Spanish America even if England lost the opportunity of seizing some of the New World for herself. Fortunately for English-speaking America, another powerful faction took the opposite view. It was led by Sir Francis Walsingham, Raleigh, and other inspired souls, and was constantly prodded by Richard Hakluyt, a preacher-geographer, who harped on the need to counter Spain overseas. One document which Hakluyt managed to get before the Queen's eyes, a document that must have pleased her, explained a plan to "bring King Philip from his high throne and make him equal to the princes his neighbors."

THE INTRICATE story of Elizabethan politics and foreign policy has been told by Professor Conyers Read, Sir John Neale, Professor Rowse himself and many others. It is a fascinating tale of intrigue and deception, of playing for time to get ready to meet Spain on something like equal terms. In the end, England faced Spain in open war and defeated the great Armada, as Professor Garrett Mattingly has so brilliantly related in his recent *The Armada* (Houghton Mifflin). The way was then clear for a successful effort at colonization on the Atlantic seaboard. But by this time Raleigh's schemes had foundered, and Raleigh himself no longer occupied the favored place he had held near the throne.

Although explorers continued to probe the Atlantic seaboard, the first permanent settlement had to wait nearly two decades after the Armada. During this period, interest in America was by no means dead or even quiescent. Writers and propagandists continued to urge expansion overseas until even timid King James I was convinced that he had a right to a portion of the New World. It is a little ironic that the first permanent settlement in the New World would bear the name of this most unheroic of sovereigns. But Raleigh had managed to give to the region itself the name Virginia after his beloved Queen.

Although Professor Rowse has added little that is new, he tells his story with the skill of an experienced journalist. Readers will find much in his narrative that is stimulating and entertaining.

SOVIET HIGHLIGHTS

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Joyce Scraps

THE CRITICAL WRITINGS OF JAMES JOYCE. Edited by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann. Viking Press. 288 pp. $5.

Vivian Mercier

FEW PEOPLE can have had less talent for the little things in life than James Joyce, or so one felt after reading Richard Ellmann's excellent biography. Now this scrapbook, rather pretentiously titled *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, gives one a similar impression. Like all the big decisions in his life, Joyce's resolve to devote his literary gift entirely to major work and to earn his living by anything rather than journalism was a truly wise one. The early book reviews — previously published in a limited edition by Stanislaus Joyce and Ellsworth Mason — and the newspaper articles for a Trieste paper, even when well done, give one a sensation reminiscent of watching an elephant pick up a penny. The full-length critical studies — of Ibsen, the Irish poet Mangan, and Blake — tell us more about Joyce than about their ostensible subjects. The remainder of the book consists of some school and college essays, some lectures on Ireland to a popular Italian audience, a few letters, program notes, verse lampoons and parodies. What sort of impression would these clippings make on someone who knew nothing of Joyce?

But of course this book wasn't published for those who know nothing of him. Because Joyce wrote so little besides his masterpieces, admirers of these are bound to snatch eagerly at everything else from his pen, including his rather unsatisfactory letters and the present tantalizing scraps. *The Critical Writings* has great value for three different types of Joyce addict: those seeking to elucidate his work, those fascinated by his complex personality, and those whose delight it is to belabor him and his work with any stick that comes to hand.

For instance, I was excited to find the following sentence in his Italian lecture on Mangan: "His nights were so many Stations of the Cross among the disreputable dives of 'The Liberties,'" since it confirms a theory of mine that in the "Circe" or brothel episode of *Ulysses* there lie buried allusions to

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some or all of the Stations of the Cross. Again, Joyceans of whatever stripe must be glad to have the full text of the paper, "Drama and Life," which the eighteen-year-old Joyce read to the Literary and Historical Society of University College, Dublin; most of them will be surprised to find that it culminates in a paean to realism: "The great human comedy, in which each has share, gives limitless scope to the true artist, today as yesterday and as in years gone." There speaks the future author of *Ulysses*, rather than Stephen Dedalus.

Aside from publishing for the first time this and other youthful writings, the present book illuminates Joyce the man rather fleetingly. Of greatest biographical interest, perhaps, are the newspaper articles recounting his visit to Galway and the Aran Islands in 1912, and his firsthand description of the first night of Shaw's *Blanco Posnet* at the Abbey Theatre in 1909. Also, the previously unavailable writing about politics and literature reveals some unexpected allegiances and beliefs.

The anti-Joyce Joycean will find plenty to lick his lips over. Joyce's frequent ignorance about the Gaelic language and its literature and about Irish history looks peculiarly ridiculous coming from a man engaged in explaining his native country to foreigners. The editors document many such errors in their painstaking footnotes. Joyce must have been one of the last men alive to believe that the Indo-European Gaelic language was related to the Semitic language of the Phoenicians.

Personally I am curious to find out just how much Joyce knew about the Gaelic tradition, into which his pedantry, his huge vocabulary, his involuted verbal and psychological techniques, and his gift for satire and parody fit so perfectly. Very little, I think, aside from what he learned by reviewing Lady Gregory's *Poets and Dreamers* and reading other works in English by his Irish contemporaries. He shows in one lecture an encyclopedic knowledge — doubtless derived from encyclopedias — of the early Irish saints, especially those who, like himself, were missionaries to the Continent. And of course he visited Aran and saw the vestiges of Gaelic civilization with his own eyes. After 1912, the critical writings tell nothing of this side of Joyce. He must have taken pains to learn a good deal more about the Gaelic tradition while writing *Finnegans Wake* or even, earlier, the "Cyclops" episode of *Ulysses*.

As you see, this book is a hunting-ground for almost any kind of monomaniac. We — monomaniacs, that is — should all be grateful to Messrs. Mason and Ellmann for what they have rescued from the wastebasket of the greatest monomaniac of all.

LETTER from MEXICO

Stanley Meisler

MEXICO CITY'S Palace of Fine Arts assigns one of its salons to modern art and another to Mexican art, but both, like all the others, exhibit the same kind of paintings. In tiers of galleries, this huge museum offers little but work by twentieth-century Mexicans. A first look is far from a dull experience. Eager for more, I marched from room to room, excited by a mural still in progress, by the stark perspective of Siqueiros, by the cluttered symbols of Rivera, by the bright colors and stunted figures of young artists, by the mystery of a powerful art spawned in a political revolution. Only later did doubt creep in. Where do young Mexicans go, I wondered, to find out about Botticelli or El Greco or Rembrandt or Degas or Picasso or de Kooning?

Later, at the small Antonio Souza Gallery, the American manager discussed her related problem. The gallery displayed numerous canvases by Leo Rosshandler, a Dutch painter living in Mexico, who paints huge, frightening birds in thick blacks, browns and whites. Although visitors gazed long and quietly at them, sales were meager. "The Mexican public has not been educated beyond Mexican nationalistic art," the manager said. "They want the usual paintings of the Indian woman with her *rebozo* and little child."

During my stay, a brisk controversy in the newspapers, stirred by José Luis Cuevas, has emphasized the significance of the gallery's problem. Sometimes dubbed Mexico's *joven enojado* (angry young man), the 26-year-old Cuevas, wild and imaginative and pessimistic, ranks near the top of the new generation of Mexican painters. He received some notice in the United States early this year when the *Evergreen Review* translated one of his diatribes. In it,

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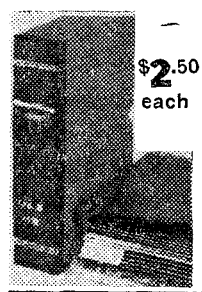

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Cuevas railed against artistic provincialism, claiming that a cactus curtain exists between the art of Mexico and the art of the rest of the world.

Now, in his newest onslaught, he has attacked the constraint in Mexican art by citing a personal and detailed example. In an article for the cultural supplement of *Novedades,* he published some of his correspondence with Fernando Gamboa and added some bitter comment. Gamboa, an art educator and critic, had selected the artists to paint the murals for the new medical center in Mexico City. Cuevas was chosen, but when the center opens, none of his work will adorn its walls. He and Gamboa could not agree on the designs.

CUEVAS said that Gamboa had directed him to avoid depressing subjects. The painter found this prohibition, custom-made, perhaps, for the usual Mexican muralist, impossible for him. "I have never been able to see humanity, the world that surrounds me, except as a giant dungheap without any salvation at all," he wrote Gamboa. "It is not that your memorandum lays out the subject, which no artist, as a matter of discipline, would avoid," Cuevas said. "It is that the memorandum gives the tone for the subject . . . and this is noxious, highly injurious for the destiny of Mexican art which, it seems, is moving with the same old dialectical instruments, without hope of progress, in an eternal repetition of formulas. . . ."

Gamboa's chief argument was simple: "If you think that in rooms where sick, defenseless, distrustful and timorous people wait for medical examinations, you can paint only negative aspects of human life, then perhaps you are right in supposing . . . that your murals are going to be rejected." But it did not seem so simple to Cuevas. Since his attitude toward life and art was well-known, he reasoned, the original invitation could not have been serious. He decided it had been a device to hide Gamboa's intention of assigning murals only to followers of David Alfaro Siqueiros, the Communist dean of Mexican muralists.

Cuevas, however, did not speak with the whole voice of Mexican youth. In the same issue, another successful, 26-year-old artist, Rafael Coronel, whose brilliant and very funny drawings remind you neither of Siqueiros nor Cuevas, told an interviewer that Cuevas is "like a fly fluttering around a bull . . . Siqueiros has already arrived, and Cuevas—who knows? . . . His courage is that of a little boy who has just been spanked." To confuse matters further, Siqueiros told the newspaper *Excelsior* on the same weekend that the government is constantly moving away from his kind of art. If any favoritism exists, he complained, it benefits the artists who oppose the social realism made popular by the revolution.

I CAUGHT the concert at which Carlos Chávez returned as guest conductor of the *Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional* after an absence of several years. He had founded the orchestra in 1928 and directed it for twenty years, bringing Mexico a balance of international and native music. In this tradition, the concert included Beethoven, Haydn, Stravinsky and his own fourth symphony, *Sinfonía Romántica.* The symphony, commissioned by the Louisville Orchestra, was receiving its first performance in Mexico. Unlike other music by Chávez, it does not burst with Indian dances and folk rhythms; the echoes of Mexican melodies disappear in its integrated brilliance. After the performance, the packed house at the Palace of Fine Arts stood and applauded for fifteen minutes. The audience, however, may have directed its tribute less at the new work than at the status of Chávez as a national institution. Born near Mexico City sixty years ago, Chávez represents a complete Mexican contribution to international art. Yet there is nothing parochial about him. "He has succeeded in creating a music," the concert program says, "that is eminently Mexican, but eminently Carlos Chávez at the same time." The rest of Mexican art, struggling and tense, is striving toward this same maturity.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE LATEST of the "New-Wave" French imports is *The Cousins,* a country mouse-city mouse story that dips into the lives and affairs of today's Paris student bohemia. The picture is written, produced and directed by Claude Chabrol, but I had the feeling that it was an exercise in self-expression thrown together by the characters themselves. It is just such a story as these bright, aimless, superficially tough and perilously debauched boys and girls might consider profound and moving. That it is a hodge-podge of romantic clichés, that it frequently strains plausibility, that it is dreadfully sentimental and that its tragedy is imposed by the barest sort of accident and is in fact no valid tragedy at all — these weaknesses would probably not strike the participants in the picture, as they did not strike its twenty-seven-year-old author.

The Cousins, thus, produces the odd effect of offering a group of interesting and credible characters in a generally shabby and spurious narrative. I would guess that M. Chabrol, though he has limited gifts as a storyteller, is a close and thoughtful observer of his near-contemporaries. He is also technically a good film maker in the now-familiar socio-melodramatic style of French problem films.

Taking his word for it, the student world of Paris has lost its innocence and shattered its health. It is not just that the boys and girls strike knowing poses while wallowing in idle ignorance; nor even that they make love heedlessly and drink to excess. It is that they seem to derive no pleasure from their revels, that they are evidently straining to keep the party going, but show signs that they could turn ugly as weasels if anyone seriously opposed them. Their sad clowning is not unlike that of our aboriginal beats, except that they seem to have some hollow vision of an older bohemia and, being French, are neither inarticulate nor unkempt.

THERE is also the matter of money. Student dissipation is usually kept in check by the fact that the celebrants quite soon run out of funds. But the central character of this film, the city cousin, is supplied with apparently unlimited credit by parents who are obviously indifferent and one guesses themselves unaccustomed to wealth. He lives in a lavish, romantically decorated, duplex; he controls a large group of followers by virtue of his resources, his good looks, his genuine intelligence and his spurious sophistication. He also attracts older parasites whose characters and motives he only thinks he sees through.

In one striking scene, this elegant young man, half drunk, switches off the lights in his crowded apartment and, wearing an S.S. officer's cap and carrying a lighted candelabrum, stalks among the entwined couples, intoning in German a mawkish plaint of loneliness, disillusion, nostalgia for the lost war and bleating cries for mama. It is a scornful parody; it is also too well-done to be entirely unfelt. M. Chabrol evidently finds among his arrogant and ignorant fellows a sympathy with their brothers of a generation earlier across the Rhine. If that Werther-Goebbels obscenity has made any real inroad on French youth, it

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is as bitter a piece of irony as this most ironic postwar era has produced.

Jean-Claude Brialy is coldly brilliant in this brittle, deliberately theatrical and sexually ambiguous role. As his country cousin, pathetically eager, hysterically idealistic, utterly vulnerable, Gerard Blain is surprisingly convincing on personal terms, considering that the narrative forces him to swing energetically between horse sense and folly. For its characterizations and as a view of one thread in the contemporary French social pattern, *The Cousins* is an engrossing and dismaying film.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

OUR social plays these days are melodramas like *The Gang's All Here,* folk comedies like *Only in America* and musicals like *Fiorello* (Broadhurst).

Fiorello is ingratiating. Its all no-star cast is extremely likeable. Tom Bosley's La Guardia has much more characterization than is usual in musicals. Patricia Wilson as his secretary and second wife is most sympathetic, and sings agreeably. Howard da Silva as a district boss is sentimentally gruff and Pat Stanley is truly darling though I wish she had been given more opportunity to display her genuine talent as a dancer.

Jerry Bock's music is not particularly individual or easy to sing, but Sheldon Harnick has written some amusing lyrics—particularly "Politics and Poker" and "Little Tin Box." William and Jean Eckart's settings communicate the feeling of amiable crudity which is the distinctive mark of the show. Their work has real style, in contrast to the usual sets for musicals, which are efficient and pretty and that is not enough. The book is by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott.

Whatever liberalism the show suggests or suffuses comes from the identity of its central figure, who emerges with a certain raffish, tangy candor that New York once possessed. One can speak of "nostalgia" in regard to this musical, for it evokes the rough conviviality of small neighborhoods which at one time constituted the particular charm of New York.

WILLIAM INGE'S *A Loss of Roses* (Eugene O'Neill Theatre) is out of focus. One is not altogether certain whose story the play is telling. The author might justifiably respond that his story is intended to reveal a general situation, a condition, even a mood. But Chekhov or the Tennessee Williams of *The Glass Menagerie* and Inge himself in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *Bus Stop* managed to create group portraits in which the composition highlighted a single character who gave all the others a more definite position within the play's total structure.

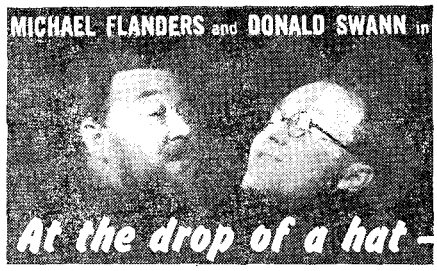
Yet if *A Loss of Roses* is a failure it is not without merit. For all the faults of the script and the production I found myself touched by it. Inge has a true sense of a certain (symbolic) American environment. "I hate to see lovely things go to waste," one character says in this play about the loss of innocence. This sense of the inherent likeability of the least conspicuous people of our land, and of the factors that muddy their sweetest traits, redeems even the least of Inge's plays. They are about "the depression of the heart"—the lack of steady values, social expression, spiritual freedom, the abiding traits of our civilization.

Another weakness of the play is that two of its main characters—mother and son—are sketched in a sort of shorthand the intelligibility of which depends on the audience's smattering of Freud. The most interesting character, the girl who serves as the purifying agent in the impasse between mother and son while herself becoming a victim and a soiled discard of the community, should have been made the unequivocal center of the play.

The cast of *A Loss of Roses*—Betty Field, Carol Haney, Warren Beatty, Robert Webber, Michael Pollard—is good, but for some reason (direction?) the characters do not come off the written page.

FIVE FINGER EXERCISE (Music Box), a great London success by a young English playwright Peter Shaffer, is sensitively directed by John Gielgud and admirably acted—particularly by Roland Culver as an obtuse but never hateful English manufacturer of cheap furniture and by Michael Bryant who plays a "good" German youth to perfection.

I wrote about this play for *The Nation* when I was in London last spring and while I noted its representative character I may have been too severe about certain of its stagey aspects. There still seems to me to be something forced and false in every one of the crucial plot turns—contrived either to make effective curtains or to drive home the play's "points." But one should not overlook—above all this season—the positive aspects of *Five Finger Exercise* as it relates to the English scene. In a more genteel fashion than Osborne,



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Shaffer gives us a specific notion of what is making the young men in England angry. The middle-class male is Philistine, his more informed wife is as phoney as she is frustrated, and their children are either suffocated by the Philistinism or are petted to death by the phoniness. The family is thus sealed off from contact with any liberating reality: the children either float in a smiling void in which their inherited graces make pretty patterns or cry out in futile anguish against the homes in which they are decorously imprisoned and consumed.

The play's writing is neat—perhaps too neat—and the sentiment honorable. The author will grow in stature when he has freed himself from the symmetry of conventional English theatrical forms and feelings. In both respects he is in advance of what has been common in the immediate past on the English stage, but he is not yet far enough in advance.

SILENT NIGHT, LONELY NIGHT by Robert Anderson (Morosco) is a sympathetic attempt to write a play without incident about the chance meeting of two unhappy strangers—man and woman—whose brief exchange of tenderness makes it easier for them to go on carrying the burdens of their respective lives.

This is one of the most difficult kinds of plays to write—something like an epithalamium—and if the author has failed to make his play cogent it is because he has not quite the "touch" for it, and more especially because his two people seem cut off from an awareness of anything beyond their too "average" selves. The result—despite a suave production and the presence of the always fine Henry Fonda and Barbara Bel Geddes—is a play which seems to be written in invisible ink.

ART

Fairfield Porter

FOR December the Zabriskie Gallery has assembled a show of California and New York painters whose work, though representational, comes out of an experience with abstraction. New York art is compared to American art provincial to New York. In the West the audience for painting is smaller than here. Because it is hard to get anyone to listen, the artist shouts. As could be seen at the new images of man show in the Museum of Modern Art, it is the subject matter that shouts, whether "abstract" or "representational." The Californians are Paul Wanner, William Brown and John Paul Jones. The first two paint thick and large, Jones's paintings look like negatives; perhaps he got the idea from the etcher's plate. In all the paintings there is a cavalier use of the human subject — certainly these painters do have a "new image of man." The image is not flattering to the artist's perceptiveness: it is the non-image of man that one gets from news photographs—a temporary grimace, a meaningless action. Wanner handles the medium skillfully. His paintings are a luminous iceberg-lettuce green. But still life or person larger than life, and broader, for all of the skill, why is it done? Is there more love than displayed by the news camera? As in the bigness of West-coast fruit, size dilutes flavor. It is the landscape that moves: essential landscape: namely, distant horizons. The New York painters are Robert De Niro, Lester Johnson and Leland Bell. The difference is that they are absorbed more in painting than in the audience. De Niro's colors in major key are lassoed all in one throw by the quick rope of his black line. Bell analyzes the figure in a cooler and broader Giacometti-fashion. He sees the skull beneath the flesh. Johnson's paintings, thick, almost black, have a first-hand immediacy, not journalistic like the Californians'.

The contrast between New York and California continues in the exhibition of small Vermont landscapes by Lucien Day at the Morris Gallery. If Wanner's landscapes have the bland sweetness of the Delicious apple, Day's have the intenser flavor of wild strawberries. If the people who appear in Wanner's paintings have the impersonality of retired consumers, Day's landscapes, which contain no people at all, are populated with individuals. The squint on the face of one of Wanner's figures is less specific (less personal) than the paint stroke into which Day may have turned a branch, a tree, a rock or a hill. The artist respects his individuals as separate from himself and separate from one another, each of a different nature. This is part of the same thing that Bonnard does in his landscapes. The artist does not swallow the external world in his creativeness, but watches the separate lives of hill, cloud and leaf. The landscape becomes a democracy of creatures assembled on the canvas, like citizens at a town meeting.

Nicholas Krushenik's paintings at the Brata Gallery show what happens in New York when an artist tries to assert himself against the competition and with the stimulus of this environment. His paintings are divided into from two to four vertical sections, like duplications with variations. What is going on? In most cases energy is contained between thick flat straight bars, like explosions in successive cylinders of an internal-combustion engine; or like the essential energies of related human souls, separated by the walls that make communication necessary and difficult. One painting resembles the destruction caused (or about to be caused) by the electrical flow between cells of a battery. But Krushenik does not say that man is like a machine, and his theme is not death. He says that there are enormous energies and that they are contained: his theme is force.

Do You Remember?

Do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
She stood on her head, she dangled
from branches, she pointed her tongue
like a pennant at pleasure; but she does
not weep in lonely rooms, because
hers is no remembering with losses.

Do you recall Alice with her tilted voice
compounding all the urges of Spring?
She walks with unnostalgic paces
along the lanes where whistling is clear
and songs are pert, and she sings
no sad cadences, nor for you, Ben Bolt.

Do you still have yearnings for lost
pleasures in glens, and eyes that challenged?
You ask Alice, Ben Bolt, why her answer
keeps scolding, keeps flashing like a jay
barely above you, while your hands are still
pocketed in the remorse she ignored.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

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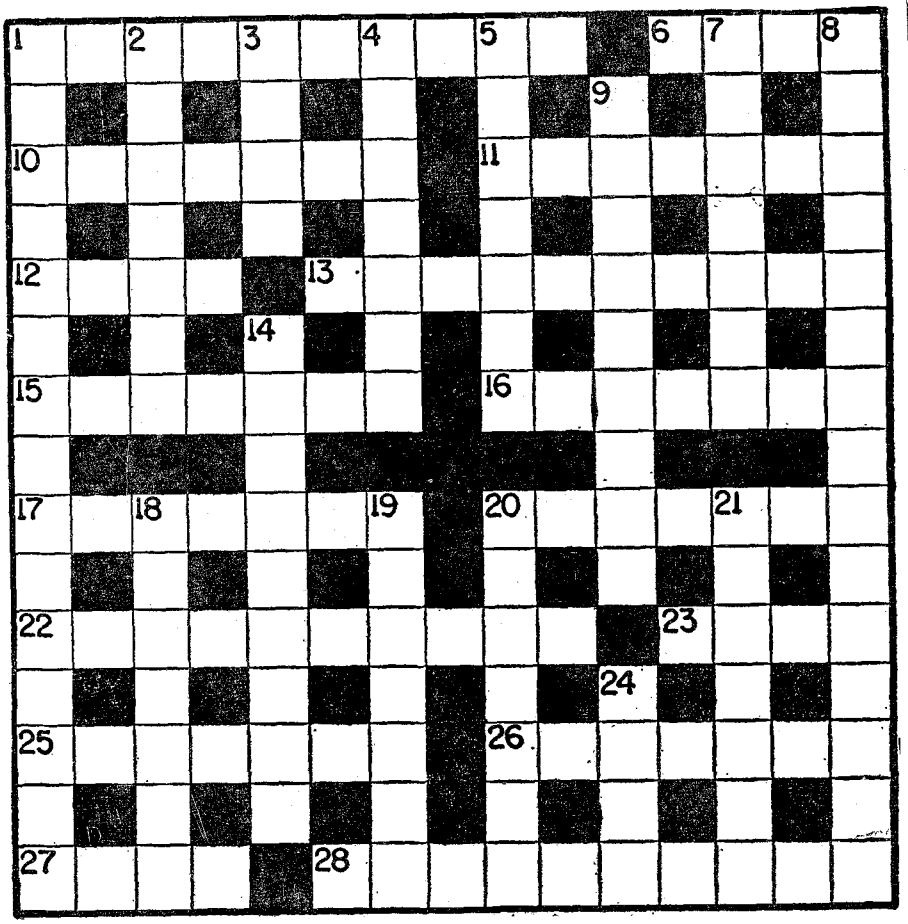
Crossword Puzzle No. 846

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What might go with a totter around the car with all four feet? (10)
6 Certainly doesn't make the striker sore—or does it? (4)
10 He's up or down, looking for Eurydice. (7)
11 A union man returns, when you see the leaders of the patrol are defeated. (7)
12 and 18 Father, in supporting the enterprise, is very careful. (11)
13 Blow up, perhaps. (10)
15 Outbursts of the impoverished spirit? (7)
16 Visit, in an established manner, one from the sea. (7)
17 Only honest ledgers contain what could be settled easily. (7)
20 Implies the pitch has a flutter. (7)
22 The man I see on the corner when I march past? (10)
23 Quiet little thing, but in the money!
25 Greed in government implied if one did. (7)
26 I have a winning position around it, and follow every move closely. (7)
27 The national defense of the mint?
28 The net rating's contracting for this, perhaps. (10)

DOWN:

1 Many companies might be floated by them. (5, 10)
2 Good for the British! (But not as a matter of course!) (7)
3 The construction of 27 takes a long time. (4)
4 Not flag, officers, however. (7)
5 Tries for aquatic creatures around it. (7)
7 Such a spirit is sweet and pleasant. (7)
8 It might at least delay the entrance of the lead. (6-5, 4)
9 Garden state variety of sloths and anteaters, perhaps. (9)
14 Rough behavior of the T. C. linemen. (9)
18 See 12 across.
19 Plans made 12 days before Christmas, if the month is short. (7)
20 Sat up on the bank, with comparative relish. (7)
21 Manage to run to work? (7)
24 Certainly not a quiet hotel in which to find Twain's character. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 845

ACROSS: 1 Harry Truman; 9 Lear; 10 and 25 Light opera; 12 Pumpkin; 13 Midwife; 15 Skylight; 16 Depose; 18 Spasms; 21 Neatness; 24 Auroras; 26 Esparto; 28 Idle; 29 Topaz; 30 and 11 Planking; 31 Haberdasher. DOWN: 2 Acropolis; 3 and 14 Rolling stone; 4 Togs; 5 Untried; 6 Askew; 7 Debunk; 8 Snuffs; 17 Pineapple; 19 Pounds; 20 Startle; 22 Assizes; 23 Satrap; 27 Spud.

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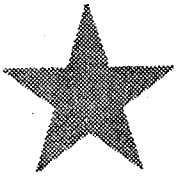

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